

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
a frownd was foure yeere in the afternoon.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then;
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish't faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements;
Let not the found of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sitra,
Say I will come.

Cl. I will goe before fir, that I may see you
Mistis looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Lewes eye.

Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistis, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-flow in profit, but he sleepes by day

More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him

To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purlie. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;

Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,

A prouerbe neuer stale in thrifitie minde. *Exit.*

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
Desired vs to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgeons flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont

To keepe obliged faith vnforfaired.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?

Where is the horse that doth vtread againe
His tedious meafures with the vnbad fire,

That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.

How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay!

Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne

With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,

Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you shall please to play the theues for wiues

He watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwels my father Iew. *Hes*, who's within?

Iessica alone.

Ief. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ief. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes

But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art.

Ief. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ief. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselues goodfooth are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet.

Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Ief. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.
For she is wife, if I can iudge of her,

And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:

And therefore like her selfe, wife, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,

Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:

Now make your choysse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.

The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I doe choofe the right?

Por. The

How shall I know if I doe choofe the right.
Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choofe that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:

What saies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Siluer with her virgini hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires.

As much as he desires; pause there *Morrocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,

If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou dost deserue enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Ladie.

I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I staid no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying gra'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Ladie, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deserts, and the valse wildes

Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead contains her? twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
To rib her seared cloath in the obscure graue:

Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times vnderuallued to tripe gold;

O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:

Here doe I choofe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;

Heeread the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that said;

Many a man his life hath sold
But my owne side to behold;

Guided by him doe wormes in fold:
Had you bene as wise as bold,

Young in limbe, in iudgement old,
Your answer had not bene in fold,

Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost

Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choofe me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Corners.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries rais'd the Duke.

Who went with him to seach *Bassanio's* ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnder saile;

But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were iene together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,

And wisht in silence that it were not his.
Sol. Yo were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.

Yet doe not suddainly, for it may grieue him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,

I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede

Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Lewes bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeft thoughts

To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;

And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,

And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out

And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

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